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WAIT AND SEE

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

HELEN C. CLIFFORD

Fitzgerald Publishing Corporation
SUCCESSOR TO
DICK & FITZGERALD

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BY

HELEN C. CLIFFORD

AUTHOR OF "ALICE'S BLIGHTED PROFESSION,"
"WHOSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

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FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

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Successor to

DICK & FITZGERALD

18 VESEY STREET

NEW YORK

- MR. HARRISON. A nervous man about fifty. He is very much interested in bugs; always carries a bottle with a bug in it; wears goggles.
- MRS. LANGSTER. A stunning, middle-aged society woman.
- MR. LANGSTER. A successful business man.
- JOSEPHINE. A beautiful young lady, rather haughty.
- MAE. A sweet and pretty young girl.
- MATILDA. A typical old maid trying to look young and chic, wears curls and dresses in bright colors. Also wears a necklace.
- DICK. A young, rising lawyer; very determined looking, and very much in love with Josephine.
- FRED. A young lad of about twenty-one.
- AGNES. A timid young girl of eighteen.
- ROBERT. A rather good-looking but shy young man.
- JAMES. A typical English butler.
- ALL CHARACTERS WEAR APPROPRIATE SUMMER CLOTHES.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Small bottle containing bug, wallet containing bills, goggles for MR. HARRISON. Watch for MR. LANGSTER. Loose flowers to be placed in vases for MRS. LANGSTER. Book for CATHERINE. Documents, papers and books for DICK. Pistol and a document similar to Dick's for JAMES. Engagement ring for JOSEPHINE. Stick-pin and small ball of paper for FRED. Knitting for MATILDA. Bunch of flowers for ROBERT JONES. Package of letters, etc., in safe.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center; D.R., door at right; D.L., door at left. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

WAIT AND SEE

ACT I

SCENE:—*Up-to-date library in MR. LANGSTER'S home, where the guests are spending a week-end. The room must convey the impression of the principal lounging and living room in a wealthy man's spacious home. The furnishings and furniture must tend to the same end. Rugs on floor. Curtains on wall—these must be so arranged that some of the characters can hide behind them. Table DOWN C. with armchairs R. and L. Doors at R. and L., another EXIT at C. through large windows leading onto the veranda or to the lawn. There is a safe R., a couch L., bookcase near couch. On the table and bookcase are books and vases for flowers. DISCOVERED TOM in earnest conversation with DIANA at table.*

TOM. I think I have made everything perfectly clear, have I not?

DIANA (*sighs*). Yes, I suppose so.

TOM. And remember this, that if you do not go through with your part—well—I know of that little stunt pulled off at Bets' the other night.

DIANA (*gasps*). Oh, please—

TOM. Well, if you do as I want you to, don't worry, I won't squeal. Go as far as you like here, but there is one thing that I insist upon, and that is that you secure that deal from Dick Langster.

DIANA. And if I do not?

TOM (*carelessly*). Well, I'll simply spill the beans.

DIANA (*sneers*). But remember, *you* introduced us here. We are posing as your friends.

TOM. Don't worry, I can easily admit that I was duped.

DIANA. By the way, why are you so anxious to obtain that scrap of paper?

TOM (*much excited*). Scrap of paper nothing! Why,

woman, the getting of that document may mean a fortune for me, the losing of it—failure.

DIANA. Well—I'll do my best.

TOM. You bet your life you will do your best and that mighty quick, too.

DIANA. If I am successful in getting it, you promise to let me alone and forget about the Bets' robbery?

TOM. Yes, and——

ENTER CATHERINE D.R., *carrying book.*

CATHERINE. Say, Liz——

TOM. Please remember her name is *Diana* for the present and yours Catherine.

CATHERINE. Ah, gee, you needn't get so sore about it. What's in a name, anyhow? As I was saying, Li—*(to TOM)* Beg your pardon, I mean Di-an-a, there is going to be one great haul here.

DIANA. Please be careful, don't get caught.

CATHERINE. Caught! Ah, quit your kiddin'. Say, kid, when did you ever see me get caught?

DIANA. Yes, you have been pretty fortunate—but watch your step.

CATHERINE. I git you. But say, there is the finest collection of swells here I ever saw, and it won't be Sally Duram to let them go unpicked. *(Walks UP and DOWN stage, well satisfied with self)*

ENTER SERVANT D.L. CATHERINE *drops in chair, busy reading.*

SERVANT. Pardon me, did you ring?

DIANA. No.

[EXIT SERVANT D.L.]

CATHERINE. Gee, that was a narrow escape. He almost heard me.

DIANA. Do you know, that man's face is sort of familiar.

TOM. Nonsense. It is purely imaginative.

DIANA. Well—maybe—but still—I can't help thinking it.

TOM. Come on out, the folks will be looking for us. *(CATHERINE curls herself on couch, reads)*

[EXIT DIANA and TOM C.]

ENTER MR. HARRISON D.R., *carrying a bottle containing a bug. He walks over to table, interested in bottle.*

CATHERINE *(from couch)*. Good-evening, Mr. Harri-

son. (MR. HARRISON *jumps*) Oh, oh, what a pretty fish! (*Goes over to table, looks at bottle*)

MR. HARRISON. Why—eh—eh—that isn't a fish, that's a miseoraplit, the only bug of its kind in existence.

CATHERINE (*wide-eyed*). Really! And can it walk like other bugs?

MR. HARRISON. Walk? I presume you mean crawl.

CATHERINE (*giggles*). Oh, how funny you are, Mr. Harrison How stupid of me.

MR. HARRISON. Now yesterday I found a frelopotikic, a species not in existence for the last forty years.

CATHERINE. How interesting. Yes, we had one for breakfast this morning.

MR. HARRISON. For breakfast this morning? I don't understand.

CATHERINE (*confused*). I mean I had lobsters last night.

MR. HARRISON (*looks at CATHERINE rather puzzled*). Now this (*Meaning bug*) little intelligent fellow's (*CATHERINE takes HARRISON'S wallet from his hip pocket, empties it, replaces it, all unnoticed by HARRISON*) lountrellis and salimbries are constructed in such a——

ENTER SERVANT D.L.

SERVANT. Did you ring, sir?

HARRISON. What did you say?

CATHERINE. He wants to know if you gave me the ring yet. (*To SERVANT*) You may go, James.

[EXIT SERVANT D.L., *after furious look at*
CATHERINE.

HARRISON. Why, eh—eh, what did the fellow mean?

CATHERINE. I suppose he was talking of a coffee ring or something to eat. (*Goes to window*) Oh, oh, look! I see a heminglobtic in the garden.

HARRISON. A what?

CATHERINE. Do you mean to say you have never heard of that bug? Why, my grandfather said it was the most valuable of all bugs.

HARRISON. Really, I must have one, then, for my collection. Has it got a homidopic and a sardorup?

CATHERINE. Yes, and a shimickory and a twostepic foxtrotlitic.

HARRISON (*excited, clapping hands*). Oh, goody, goody! I must have one. How interesting! Where in the garden did you see it?

CATHERINE. About two feet away from the north end of the grass plot.

HARRISON. I shall find it. [EXIT D.R., *running*.

CATHERINE (*laughs*). I hope he finds his brains in the hunt also. Now let me see (*Takes money from pocket*) Ten, twenty, thirty, forty. Well—not so bad. The poor boob will think he lost this crawling after that cute little hemingway. [EXIT C., *singing*.

ENTER MR. and MRS. LANGSTER, D.L., *talking*, MRS.

LANGSTER *carrying flowers*.

MRS. LANGSTER. I suppose as long as they were introduced by Tom, they must be above-board.

MR. LANGSTER. Why, of course. I should think that just being Tom's friends ought to be sufficient.

MRS. LANGSTER (*seats self*). Well, I suppose so. Nevertheless, I don't like the way Diana is monopolizing Dick—Josephine is sure to resent it.

MR. LANGSTER. A lot of nonsense. Why, Diana is simply interested in Dick's work.

MRS. LANGSTER. It appears to me she is a little *too* interested.

MR. LANGSTER (*looks at watch*). I'll just barely make that train. By the way, dear, I would not worry too much over these things. They will quickly adjust themselves. Good-bye. [EXIT D.R.

MRS. LANGSTER (*arranging flowers*). I suppose John is right. But I can't help seeing how dear Josephine is worrying.

ENTER JOSEPHINE R.

JOSEPHINE (*from door*). Oh, pardon me, Mrs. Langster, I had no idea any one was here. I just wanted a book.

MRS. LANGSTER. Come right in, dear, I want to talk to you. (*Both sit on couch*) Josephine, dear, you are not happy.

JOSEPHINE. Why—eh—what makes you think that?

MRS. LANGSTER. Now, dear, don't pretend you do not understand me. I can see what is going on.

JOSEPHINE (*sobs*). Well—I—am—not hap-py. Dick seems to find more time to spend with Diana than he can with me. (*Cries*)

MRS. LANGSTER. There, there, child.

JOSEPHINE. I don't care, I am disgusted with the whole business and I am half inclined to break our engagement.

MRS. LANGSTER. Now, dear, don't do anything rash.

JOSEPHINE. Don't worry, Mrs. Langster, it won't be rash on my part. (*Rises*) I am simply sick of it all.

MRS. LANGSTER. But, have you grounds for your suspicions?

JOSEPHINE. Grounds? Ye gods, I should say I have. I have come upon them several times——

ENTER CATHERINE C., *reading from book*.

CATHERINE (*reading dramatically*). And the knight, with arms outstretched, cried, "I will save you, Rosalind! I come—I come—I (*Trips over rug and falls*) came." (MRS. LANGSTER and JOSEPHINE *both laugh*)

MRS. LANGSTER. My dear child, you will hurt yourself some day, you are forever tripping.

CATHERINE. Yes, I must admit that my equilibrium at times does become a little unbalanced.

MRS. LANGSTER. Come along, Josephine, we will finish our talk outside.

[EXIT MRS. LANGSTER and JOSEPHINE at c., *talking*.

CATHERINE (*rubbing foot*). I almost broke my neck.

ENTER SERVANT D.L.

SERVANT. Ahem, pardon me, miss, the ladies in the next room are complaining of a draught. A window must be open here.

CATHERINE. Oh, my, no, there is no window open here; by the way, perhaps your mouth was open. (EXIT SERVANT D.L., *head in air*) I sure am getting that guy's goat.

[EXIT D.R., *singing*.

ENTER MAE D.L.

MAE (*drops in chair*). What a blessing to find a room empty. At last I can think. Now let me see—Bob wants me to go out to California when we are married. But—oh, dear—how can I leave all that is most dear and sacred to me?

ENTER MATILDA D.L.

MATILDA (*holding head, drops on couch*). Oh, dear, oh, dear, my head is just splitting.

MAE. Dear aunt, did you not have a restful night?

MATILDA. Last night I was in agony from 12 to 2—in agony. I do not know what I would do without my pills. I took one at 2 and the pain vanished immediately.

MAE. Why didn't you take it at once?

MATILDA. Mae, you have not the slightest comprehension of medicines. Fortunate child, it is your lack of experience. Medicines never act if taken at once.

MAE. Is that so?

MATILDA. Mae, no wonder my health has suffered. Something great has happened.

MAE. Really!

MATILDA. Robert Jones comes here every evening. Now I ask what can that mean?

MAE (*archly*). I am—sure—eh—I don't know.

MATILDA. I ask what does it mean? He sits and talks and talks.. Nominally to you. I have watched him; he never speaks to me. (*Counts on fingers*) He never looks at me—one. He never speaks to me—two. But he brings me flowers—three. He said they were from his sister—four. Now, my child—why does he bring me flowers and say they are from his sister?

MAE (*surprised*). Because they are.

MATILDA (*shakes head*). Dear girl, you are too young; I should have considered that. But there is a time in a woman's existence (*Far-away look*) when she craves the sympathy of her sex. Go, child, go; at some distant day your own turn will come, and then you will understand.

MAE (*moves toward door*). Yes, aunt.

MATILDA. Stay one instant. He is good-looking. His face is careworn: he is no mere boy, but a man of experience. Mae, I would not marry a boy.

MAE (*coming back to room*). Aunt, do you mean to say you want to marry Bob?

MATILDA. Silly child, does a woman say such things?

Of course I know he is much older than I. *That* is a matter I am seriously considering.

MAE (*excited*). Do you mean to say he has actually asked you?

MATILDA. Not directly. But I have my reasons to believe he will do so tonight. And I want you to help.

MAE. What can I do?

MATILDA. You can leave us alone for a time. Poor boy, he hardly ever has an opportunity to be alone with me and he has hinted as much.

ENTER SERVANT D.R.

SERVANT. Robert Jones is in the drawing-room and wishes to see Miss Matilda. [EXIT D.L.

MATILDA. There, child, I knew it. Go down, dear, and amuse him while I complete my toilet.

[EXIT MAE D.R., MATILDA D.L.

ENTER DICK D.L., *carrying a number of books and papers under arm. Goes to table, hunts through books, papers, etc., busy reading.*

DICK (*takes paper from inside pocket*). Now, let me see, it says here—

ENTER DIANA C., *stands at door an instant, watches DICK with narrowing eyes.*

DIANA. Ah, ah, so there you are, Dickie dear. (*Goes over and sits on arm of his chair, plays with his hair*) Poring over these stupid papers as usual.

DICK. I have here a very important document which must be settled instantly. (*Holds up paper*)

DIANA. Really? And what is it all about?

DICK. Well, there is a certain firm in this city that would give thousands to secure this paper.

DIANA (*tries to appear disinterested*). How interesting and—

ENTER JOSEPHINE C., *stands at door, watches DICK and DIANA, face a study.*

JOSEPHINE (*cuttingly*). Pardon me, I had no idea there was anyone in here. I won't intrude.

DICK (*jumps up—almost upsets DIANA*). But Josephine— [EXIT JOSEPHINE D.R., *head in air.*

DIANA. And this little—

DICK. Yes, yes. (*Places paper in book, absent-mind-*

edly) I wish Josephine would be sensible.

[Quick EXIT D.R.]

DIANA (*excited*). At last I've got it and oh (*Takes paper from book—hides it behind bookcase*) at last I shall be free.

ENTER SERVANT D.L., *watches DIANA with narrowing eyes.*

SERVANT. Did you ring, miss?

DIANA (*startled*). No—o—ah—I mean yes. Please see—tell— Oh, I don't want you.

SERVANT. Yes, mam. [EXIT D.L.]

DIANA. That servant will make a total wreck of me yet. I must find Tom and deliver the prize to him, and then (*Flings arms wide*) FREEDOM. [EXIT C.]

ENTER SERVANT—*takes paper from behind bookcase—puts it back in book—places another paper much like the first behind bookcase—quick* EXIT D.L.

ENTER DICK D.R. *He rushes in, very much excited.*

DICK. Ye gods, where did I leave that document? (*Searches through papers on table, opens book, finds paper*) Thank God, it is safe!

ENTER JOSEPHINE D.R.

JOSEPHINE. Dick, I have something very important to say to you, that is, if you can *spare* the time.

DICK. Good gracious, Josephine, what is the matter with you? You act like a perfect child.

JOSEPHINE. I will admit I do not act like Diana, still—

DICK. Listen, Josephine, can't you see what a fool you are making of yourself?

JOSEPHINE. Yes, I suppose I do appear a fool in *your* eyes. Nevertheless, there are others who consider me otherwise.

DICK. Ye gods, let's talk sense. What under the sun are you driving at?

JOSEPHINE (*with spirit*). It is simply this, since you prefer Diana's company to mine, I will release you and step aside for her.

DICK. Come, come, Josephine, don't talk foolishly.

JOSEPHINE. No, I am *not* talking foolishly. I have gone over this matter too thoroughly for that. Can you

give me any explanation for your curious behavior?

DICK. Now, Josephine, do be sensible, you only imagine all this.

JOSEPHINE. Oh, no; my imagination is not quite as vivid as all that.

DICK. Josephine, if you will only wait. I cannot explain now. I am sorry that you look at it in that light.

JOSEPHINE (*haughtily*). Then that means that we break our engagement. Here (*Takes off ring*) give this to Diana. I hope she will be happier than I.

DICK. Oh, Josephine, please, please. Can't you see how you are torturing me.

JOSEPHINE. I crave your pardon, but here (*Meaning ring*) take this, it means nothing to me now.

DICK (*pleads*). Josephine, dear, won't you wait and see.

(JOSEPHINE *holds ring out*—DICK *pleading*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE:—*The same as ACT I. Evening of the same day.* DISCOVERED DIANA *sitting R.*, TOM *standing near bookcase.*

DIANA. Now before I deliver the paper up to you, I want your promise to let me go and never, *never* trouble me again.

TOM. Don't worry, I won't trouble you again. So long as I get what I want I should worry about you.

DIANA. Exactly. *You* are too selfish to think of anyone else.

TOM (*shrugs shoulders*). Just as you say, my fair damsel. (*Bows mockingly*) But enough of this, give me the document.

DIANA. If your lordship will condescend to bend his honorable knees he will find the prize behind that bookcase.

TOM (*bends down, eagerly opens paper, face a study*). My God, woman, this is no time for jesting! Where is that paper?

DIANA. Why, in your hands, of course.

TOM. Ha, ha, ha! There, I laughed at your little joke. Now be done with this childish play and tell me where you hid it.

DIANA (*confused*). I—I—don't understand.

TOM. Very prettily said, my beauty. Perhaps you think you can put me off this way. But I tell you that if you do not get that paper for me as you promised, I will turn you over to the authorities.

DIANA. But I swear I did not commit that robbery at the Bets and I will convince the judge of my innocence. So hand me over (*Sighs*) I am sick of all *this*.

TOM. Convince the judge, is it? (*Sneers*) Five years ago did you convince the judge of your innocence?

DIANA (*hands over face*). Oh, please (*Sobs*) please have pity.

TOM. *Then* you had a rich father to back you, but *now*, tell me what judge would believe you, what—

DIANA (*jumps up*). Stop! For God's sake *stop!* All right, I will do as you say. Believe me or not, I certainly hid that document behind that bookcase.

TOM. Perhaps you did, but this is what I *found*. (*Hands paper to DIANA*)

DIANA (*reads*). "Perseverance is a great thing, applying it to something worth while, you will succeed, but, on the other hand, using it on something unworthy it will mean ruin." (*To TOM*) I don't quite get the meaning. But what has happened to that document? I could swear that I placed it there. (*Points to bookcase*)

TOM. Maybe you did and maybe you didn't. Nevertheless, I want it, and mighty quick at that. [EXIT D.R.]

DIANA (*walks UP and DOWN stage, very dramatic, very nervous*). This house is uncanny. (*Throws arms in air*) Oh, why, oh, why am I not strong enough to break the chains that fasten me here?

ENTER CATHERINE D.R., *stares at DIANA in amazement*.

CATHERINE. Gee, Liz, that was great, but why the drama?

DIANA (*arms around CATHERINE*). Oh, Catherine, I am simply sick of it all. I hate feeling that I am an impostor here. (*Sobs*)

CATHERINE (*tenderly*). There, there, Diana. Every cloud has a silver lining, so I advise you to turn your cloud inside out and show the lining. Oh, and by the way, look what I have. (*Takes money, rings, etc., from pocket*)

DIANA (*gasps*). Catherine, where did you get them?

CATHERINE. Oh, just a few tokens of affection from some of my *many* admirers.

DIANA. Catherine, didn't you promise me that you would never, *never* take another thing that did not belong to you?

CATHERINE. Yes.

DIANA. Oh, then, I am so disappointed.

CATHERINE. But Diana, I only did it for the fun of the thing. When I gave you that promise I meant it.

DIANA. Oh, my, yes, it certainly looks as though you did. (*Waves hand towards articles*)

CATHERINE. I must admit it does look a little suspicious; nevertheless, everything will be O. K.

ENTER SERVANT D.L., CATHERINE *hurriedly* throws spoils into pocket.

SERVANT *and* CATHERINE (*together*). Did you ring?

CATHERINE (*uppish air*). James, I am expecting Count Discount from Countless County of the country of No-Account. When he calls do not count me among the absent. That is all, James.

[EXIT SERVANT D.L., *furious look*.

DIANA (*laughs*). Catherine, how do you do it?

CATHERINE. Oh, I just like to tease him. (*Arms around DIANA*) Come, Diana, chase Mr. Glum away. The folks will miss us. Let us get a breath of air.

[EXIT DIANA *and* CATHERINE C., *talking and laughing*.

ENTER FRED D.L., *and right behind him on tiptoe*

AGNES. *Both look around room from L.*

FRED. Hush, I think the road is clear. (*Both search room, look under chairs, couch, behind bookcase, out-doors*)

AGNES (*drops in chair R.*). Whew! of all the pests, Catherine is the limit.

FRED (*sits on couch*). I thoroughly agree with you. She is forever butting into our affairs.

AGNES. Wherever she gets the nerve from, I would like to know.

FRED. Look, Agnes, there is room here for two.

AGNES (*bashful*). Oh, I don't want to.

FRED. Ah, come on.

AGNES. Ah, no.

FRED. Well, then, I will use force and carry you over.

AGNES. Oh, no, you won't.

FRED. Yes, I will.

AGNES. No, you won't.

FRED. Why not?

AGNES (*walking over to couch*). See, because I come myself. (*Sits on end of couch*)

FRED. Come a little closer, I won't hurt you.

AGNES. Ah, no.

ENTER CATHERINE C., *reading from book.*

AGNES and FRED (*looking at one another*). Oh!

CATHERINE (*reading from book*). "With a mighty sweep of his iron strong arms the brave knight snatched his lady-love from the—jaws of——" (*Sees AGNES and FRED*) Ah, ah, so there you are, my Romeo, my hero. (*Sits down between them*) Long have I longed for this day. (*AGNES and FRED exchange looks, CATHERINE toys with FRED'S tie, takes stick-pin unnoticed by FRED or AGNES, hides pin in her pocket*) You are so brave, so handsome, how fortunate I am to have met you.

FRED. Eh, eh, I beg your pardon. (*Rises from couch, CATHERINE pulls him down*)

CATHERINE. Don't leave me like that.

FRED. You will excuse me for a minute. I'll be right back.

CATHERINE. Very well.

[EXIT FRED C., *gives AGNES a knowing look, AGNES rolls eyes.*

CATHERINE. Isn't he grand, and he is so much in love with me. Oh, happy day, happy day, happy——

(*Small ball of paper comes in through window, picks it up, reads it*) By the way, Agnes, I forgot to tell you Mrs. Langster wants to see you.

AGNES. Wants to see me?

CATHERINE. Yes, and I think it very important.

AGNES. Oh, dear, I must hurry. [EXIT D.L.]

CATHERINE. I hope Mrs. Langster does want her. Now let me see— (*Reads*) “Darling. When you get rid of that pest give a low whistle and I will fly to you. *Your own true love.*” Gee, this will be rich. (*Gives a low whistle, hides behind couch*)

ENTER FRED C., *running in.*

FRED. Dear, I have come. Where are you?

CATHERINE (*creeping up from behind couch, places hands over his eyes*). Here I are.

FRED. Oh, you cute little thing. (*Turns around*) You!

CATHERINE (*arm around his neck*). My Romeo, I knew you would be surprised.

FRED. Surprised? Ah, no, disappointed.

ENTER AGNES D.L.

AGNES. Why, Catherine, Mrs. Langster didn't want me.

CATHERINE. Really? How stupid of me. (*FRED goes to take AGNES' hand, CATHERINE takes his, ALL run out of room c., much confusion*)

ENTER MATILDA D.L., *carrying knitting bag, crosses to r., sits on chair.*

MATILDA (*knits*). Yesterday, dear Robert ~~did~~ not get a chance to propose. But today he *will* and *must*.

ENTER SERVANT D.R.

SERVANT. Robert Jones to see Miss Matilda.

MATILDA. Show him up, James.

[EXIT JAMES D.R., MATILDA *primps self*

ENTER BOB D.R., *carrying a bunch of flowers.*

BOB (*gives flowers to MATILDA*). From my sister.

MATILDA (*giggles*). How lovely.

BOB. I suppose Mae would feel leaving such a *happy* home.

MATILDA. I try to make it so.

BOB. How could you do otherwise?

MATILDA (*dreamingly*). Sometimes it is hot——

BOB. Yes, it is very hot. Shall I open the window?

MATILDA (*recovering self*). Oh! but not as hot as California at this time of the year. I should enjoy California. I like heat. I am not strong, Robert, but the hot weather always agrees with me. Yes, I am positive I would enjoy California.

BOB (*confused*). Yes. Would you prefer me, then, to shut the window?

MATILDA. The window? Yes, perhaps it would be better. Oh, Robert, if only my dear dead sister was here to tell me how to answer you. I miss her guidance, her motherly advice.

BOB. Mae's mother? I suppose she was beautiful?

MATILDA. Perhaps *you* would not have considered her beautiful. She was not a bit like *me*.

BOB. Is Mae like her?

MATILDA. Oh, my, *no*. My sister was *pretty*.

BOB. Well, I am a plain man, not much of a judge of beauty——

MATILDA. Oh, don't say that——

BOB. But I know when I like a face. Miss Matilda, I consider an honest face more important than mere good looks.

MATILDA. Oh, of course.

BOB. In a man, I mean. I trust, Miss Matilda, that you have no aversion to my face—or me. (MATILDA *buries face in flowers, titters*) I wish I could flatter myself that you even liked me.

MATILDA. I do (*Downcast eyes*) a—little.

BOB (*jumps up*). How good it is of you to say that. Now I know you will help me to make Mr. Langster see it in this light. (*Runs out of room c., falls over chairs*)

MATILDA (*eyes and mouth wide open*). Well, men in love certainly do act queer. Oh, if only my dear departed sister was here to witness my happiness. She——

DICK (*stands at D.R., hesitates*). Oh, I beg your pardon, Aunt. I did not think there was anyone in here.

MATILDA. Come right in, Dick. I was going up to bed anyway. (*Walks to door L., playfully*) Now, Dickie, don't work too hard. [EXIT D.L.]

DICK (*laughs*). Dear old auntie, she hasn't lost her girlish ways yet. (*Looks around room*) Now where in thunder will I put these papers? Josephine's behavior has so upset me I am afraid I will lose them. (*Spies safe*) Ah, ah, just the thing. I could not find a better place. (*Goes to safe, opens it. DIANA sneaks in at c., hides behind curtain, watches DICK closely as he locks the safe*) There, that is done and I feel a weight taken off of my shoulders. Guess I'll go out and have a smoke before going to bed. (DICK EXITS c., DIANA comes out of hiding place, goes to D.R., calls TOM softly)

ENTER TOM D.R.

TOM. Well, what good news now?

DIANA (*points to safe*). In there you will find your prize.

TOM. Are you sure of this—— Hush! (*Both listen*) Quick, some one is coming. (*Both hide quickly*)

ENTER MR. LANGSTER D.L.

MR. LANGSTER (*searches through papers*). Now where in Sam Hill did I put that bunch of letters? I could almost swear I left them here. Perhaps Dick knows.

[EXIT c., muttering

TOM and DIANA come out of hiding place.

TOM. Whew! that was a narrow escape. The old man would want to know what we were doing down here so late.

DIANA. I should say it was.

TOM. I wonder if I know the combination of that safe? Let me see—— (*Thinks*)

DIANA (*from door, hisses*). Quick! Hide! (*Both hide quickly*)

ENTER DICK and MR. LANGSTER C.

DICK. Perhaps, Dad, you put the letters in the safe?

MR. LANGSTER. I hardly think so, Dick.

DICK. Nevertheless, I'll see. (*Opens safe, almost touching TOM*) Dad, I win. Here they are. (*Holds out bunch of letters. DICK and MR. LANGSTER EXIT c., talking*)

TOM and DIANA come out of hiding places.

TOM. Perhaps we will be successful this time. (*Tries safe*) Two to the right, three to the left.

DIANA (*listens at D.R.*). Quick! (*Both hide*)

ENTER MR. HARRISON D.R., *crawling*.

MR. HARRISON. Oh, my little lopinticks, where are you? (*Searches under chairs, couch, etc. Comes very near finding TOM, DIANA. Crawls out c.*) Oh, lopinticks, lop—

[EXIT D.R.]

TOM and DIANA *come out of hiding places, both laugh.*

DIANA. Well, in all my days I have never come across a species of that kind.

TOM. Neither have I. (*Looks at watch*) Ye gods, we shall have to hurry if we want to get this done to-night.

DIANA. All right. I'll stand here and watch. (*Stands at D.L., TOM busy trying safe. DIANA rushes over, grabs him by arm. Both barely have time to hide*)

ENTER SERVANT D.L., *tries doors, windows, etc., and*

EXITS D.L.

TOM. That settles it for tonight.

DIANA. I fully agree with you. I am so nervous now that to go on would be useless.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE:—*Same as ACT I and ACT II. The next evening.* DISCOVERED MATILDA *sitting L. of table, knitting.*

ENTER MR. LANGSTER D.L.

MR. LANGSTER. Matilda, are you well enough to listen to me for a moment?

MATILDA. Yes, what is it?

MR. LANGSTER. Bob has just asked me to consent to his engagement.

MATILDA (*brightly*). I knew it.

MR. LANGSTER. What! Did he speak to you first?

MATILDA. John, I am old enough—I mean I am not so young that his speaking to me could be considered improper.

MR. LANGSTER (*puzzled*). No, indeed.

MATILDA. I gave him the answer of my heart. You will give us your blessing, my brother?

MR. LANGSTER (*walks UP and DOWN stage*). Hearing you talk, one might conclude that you made the match.

MATILDA (*sobs*). To think—that—my own brother would talk to me like that.

MR. LANGSTER. Well, I can't help it. Mae and Bob must settle it between them.

MATILDA. Oh, Mae will be pleased to get so charming an uncle.

MR. LANGSTER (*sharply*). I believe you do not quite understand. Bob has asked Mae to marry him, and as I am her guardian he has asked me to give my consent.

MATILDA (*wildly*). There is some mistake. You have misunderstood or I have been duped. No gentleman makes love to two women at a time. (*Falls in chair*)

MR. LANGSTER (*shrugs shoulders*). Is that so? My! My!

MATILDA. John I will thank you to leave me for the present. (*Cries*)

MR. LANGSTER. Very well. [EXIT D.L.]

ENTER CATHERINE C.

CATHERINE (*puts arms around MATILDA'S neck, unfastens necklace, slips it into pocket unnoticed by MATILDA*) Dear, dear, what is it that makes you cry?

MATILDA (*sobs*). Oh, oh, to think he could have deceived me so.

CATHERINE. There, there, has the naughty man been annoying you?

MATILDA. Why, he might be her father. I don't think it's nice for a young girl to marry an old man.

CATHERINE (*shakes head*). Neither do I.

MATILDA. She is very plain. I can't imagine what he sees in her. But, of course he is past the heyday of youth. Well, some women like to get their lovers second-hand.

CATHERINE. I shouldn't.

MATILDA. No, indeed.

CATHERINE. But, by the way, who is the cause of all this sob stuff?

MATILDA. Why, my niece Mae and Robert Jones.

CATHERINE. Oh, indeed. But listen. I too have been duped. Hush! (*Looks around stage*) My Romeo, my hero has eloped with fair Rosalind, leaving me in the lurch. (*Fake rage*) Ah, ah, I shall have my revenge. "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

MATILDA (*frightened*). But, but who are they?

CATHERINE. Haven't you heard that Agnes and Fred eloped last night?

MATILDA. No! *Those* children? Why, it is preposterous.

CATHERINE. 'Tis sad, but true. And I loved him so! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

MATILDA (*goes towards D.L.*). I shall have to find Daisy at once and see what she intends doing about this. [EXIT D.L.

CATHERINE. Gee, that got the old woman going. Wonder if it ever occurred to her that it is worse for an old woman to marry a young man? Oh, my dear, no—why—

ENTER AGNES and FRED C. *They see CATHERINE, turn to go out. CATHERINE catches them.*

CATHERINE. Ah, ah! So there you are. Come in. Let me see you. (*Eyes them*) Yes, you do look like a pair of turtle doves.

AGNES and FRED (*together*). Now, Catherine, you had better—

CATHERINE (*waves hand*). Hush children. Let me bestow upon you my blessing. (*Raises hands in mock benediction*) Bless you, my children, and may the god of matrimony look down upon you and make your life a happy and ferocious one.

FRED and AGNES (*together*). Ferocious?

CATHERINE. Ah, gee! I suppose my vocabulary is a little rusty, but honestly I do wish you two happiness.

AGNES. But, but I don't understand. I thought you wanted Fred.

CATHERINE. Say, don't make me smile. I thought you two were slowing down. You were not full of pep enough to suit me, so I simply stepped in and gave you a push.

FRED. I don't under—

AGNES Do you mean to say—

CATHERINE. There, there, children, do be quiet and let me talk. I figured out that if I could make you jealous and Fred anxious to get rid of me, you would do the thing you did; therefore my plan *has* succeeded and you two are happy.

FRED (*extending hand*). Put it there, you are *some* brick.

AGNES (*kisses CATHERINE*). I think you are perfectly adorable.

CATHERINE. Ah, quit the comedy. Come along, I want to bestow upon you my wedding gift.

[EXIT *all three D.L., talking and laughing, FRED in center*

ENTER DICK *and* MRS. LANGSTER D.R.

DICK. Really, Mother, I wish Josephine would be sensible.

MRS. LANGSTER. Sensible? Why, I think you have treated Josephine most shamefully.

DICK. But, mother—I—oh, can't you understand?

MRS. LANGSTER. I am afraid not. What is the explanation for all this curious behavior?

DICK. Mother, that is what I cannot explain just now, but if you all would only wait and see.

MRS. LANGSTER. And in the meantime you may lose Josephine.

DICK. Mother, I am sure everything will turn out O. K.

MRS. LANGSTER. And how long, pray, must we wait and see?

DICK. Not long.

MRS. LANGSTER. Well, it is beyond me. I suppose you two must fight it out between you. [EXIT D.R.

DICK (*looks at watch*). A few more minutes and the deal goes through, and then—everything will be O. K.

[EXIT D.R.

ENTER MATILDA D.L., MR. HARRISON D.R., *with bottle in hand. They bump into each other.*

MATILDA. Oh, I—

MR. HARRISON. Really, I—— (*Look at one another, laugh foolishly*)

MATILDA (*looks at bottle*). Oh, oh, what is it?

MR. HARRISON. This, Miss Matilda, is dear little lopinticks. The precious little thing tried to get away from me last night, but I found it.

MATILDA (*shakes head*). I love lopinticks.

MR. HARRISON. Really, Miss Matilda? (*Both sit on couch*) Then you are the first woman I have ever met that had any brains.

MATILDA (*giggles*). Now, now, Mr. Harrison.

MR. HARRISON. When I speak of my precious little specimens none of them seems to understand.

MATILDA. How stupid of them. *I* would know a lopingsquits any place.

MR. HARRISON (*laughs*). How cutely you pronounce it. It is lopinticks.

MATILDA (*giggles*). Tell me all about it.

MR. HARRISON. Well, this little fellow's quaintics and onitlags far surpass the abomintrellis or—— (*Looks at bottle*) Oh! oh! it has gone.

MATILDA. What? What has gone?

MR. HARRISON (*on hands and knees*). Why—eh—eh—lopinticks.

MATILDA. No? (*Both crawl around stage looking for bug, funny situation. BOB and MAE stand at door c, look at two, wink, laugh softly, EXIT*)

MATILDA. Oh, oh, here it is!

MR. HARRISON (*crawls over to her, bumps over chairs, etc.*). Where? Where?

MATILDA (*points finger*). There, there!

MR. HARRISON. Catch it, quick!

MATILDA. I—can't—I am afraid.

MR. HARRISON. It won't (*Catches it*) hurt you.

MATILDA. Oh!

MR. HARRISON (*to bug*). Dear little lopinticks was—o-o frightened. Did naughty woman upset you?

[EXIT D.R.]

MATILDA (*still on knees*). Well—if—that does not beat all. (*Rises*) Thank God I can enjoy single bles-

sedness—imagine having one of those things around me all the time! Ugh!

[EXIT D.R.]

ENTER SERVANT D.L., *arranges chairs, etc., extinguishes light*, EXIT C.

ENTER DIANA *on tiptoe, followed by TOM with search-light.*

TOM. Sh, sh! (*Low voice to DIANA*) Here, take this. (*DIANA takes light, holds it while TOM tries safe and opens it*)

DIANA. Quick, I think some one is coming.

TOM. Do be still.

DIANA. What was that?

TOM. What?

DIANA. Listen. (*Both listen*)

TOM. That was only the wind. (*Searches through papers in safe, DIANA nervously looking around*)

DIANA. Listen. (*Both listen*)

TOM. Really, I wish you would control yourself. I have to get that paper tonight or be ruined.

DIANA. I don't care, I am sure I heard a step outside. (*Goes to D.C., stumbles over chairs, loud noise*)

TOM. Ye gods!

DIANA. Oh!

ENTER SERVANT C., *switches on light.*

SERVANT. Good-evening. Did you ring?

TOM. Trapped! (*Tries to go out window, SERVANT catches him*)

SERVANT. Just a minute, please. Not in such a hurry there.

TOM. Let me go, you fool!

SERVANT (*points pistol*). Call me that again.

MR. and MRS. LANGSTER *run in D.L., followed by MATILDA, MR. HARRISON, FRED and JOSEPHINE. All look on in amazement. DIANA'S head bowed down.*

TOM'S face black as thunder.

MRS. LANGSTER. Why, why, what does—

MR. LANGSTER (*goes to safe*). Ye gods, what—has happened here?

TOM. Tell your servant to lower that gun.

SERVANT. Not on your life, Sonny.

TOM. I tell you he is dangerous.

DIANA. Oh, Tom!

TOM. Shut up! (*All gasp*) Mr. Langster, I will tell you the truth. I came in here and found this man (*Points to SERVANT*) and this woman (*Points to DIANA*) at your safe.

SERVANT. You dog!

DIANA. You cur!

TOM. Before I could call for help, he covered me with his pistol.

SERVANT (*hisses*). You lie—you——

DIANA (*cries*). Oh, how could you!

TOM. Mrs. Langster, I crave your pardon for introducing this woman here. I thought she was on the level, but, as you see, I was duped.

MR. LANGSTER. I shall ring up the police right away.

TOM. Yes, do. Oh, how I have been imposed upon. Mrs. Langster, say you will forgive me.

MRS. LANGSTER. There, there, Tom, don't worry about it. We are all taken in one time or another.

DIANA (*with spirit*). Stop! (*ALL look at her in astonishment*) Before you ring for the police, Mr. Langster, I will tell you my story. You can believe me or not.

TOM. Don't listen to her. I tell you I found them at your safe; they are dangerous.

MR. LANGSTER. There, there, Tom, just a minute. I will do this thing fairly. Out with your story, miss.

TOM. But I tell you—— (*MR. LANGSTER waves him to silence*)

DIANA. Five years ago I was as happy as any one of you. I came of a family as wealthy and as proud as any one of yours——

TOM. I tell you——

DIANA. My father was a very hard man, but I believe underneath it all, kind. One day my father and I quarrelled about paying a bill—I threatened to get the money somehow—by that I meant to sell some of my own property. I rushed out of the house, went to a fashionable shop to purchase something. While there a woman's purse containing a considerable sum of money

was stolen. It was found on me. They arrested me. One of our servants told of the scene I had had with my father. What could I do? The odds were against me. To appeal to my father was useless. He was proud and would not help me. I was sent up for a year. (*Hand over face*) Oh! when I think of that terrible year—suffering for another woman's guilt. (*Pauses*)

TOM. I tell you, she lies!

SERVANT. Shut up.

DIANA. After my term was up I was too proud to go to my father. To get work was almost useless. The shadows of the prison cell seemed to follow me wherever I went. (*Pauses. ALL much moved*) Finally I secured a position at Bets. Again a robbery was committed—and—he (*Points to TOM*) accused me of taking the money. No matter what I said to the contrary, he laughed. I gave up. He threatened to turn me over to the authorities if I did not do as he wished. (*ALL look at TOM in amazement*)

TOM. I tell you the woman is lying.

DIANA. I was weak. I could not face those prison walls again. I consented. He wanted to secure a document of Dick's—he——

TOM (*cries*). I tell you she——

SERVANT (*to TOM*). Shut up!

DIANA. Dogged my every step. The result is—you can see—so (*To MR. LANGSTER*) call up the police. (*Sighs*) I am ready.

ENTER DICK D.R., *rushes in, stops, looks at all in amazement.*

DICK. Well, what does this mean? (*Turns to TOM*) Hello, Tom. Sorry, old top, you are a little too late. The deal went through today.

TOM. My G——

DICK (*to SERVANT*). Now, James, let it out.

SERVANT (*goes up to DIANA*). Look at me. Don't you recognize me?

DIANA (*looks at SERVANT*). No—I—can't say I do.

SERVANT (*to MR. and MRS. LANGSTER*). I want to present to you Miss Evelyn Soran.

MR. LANGSTER. What! Not Evelyn Soran—daughter of Sam Soran?

SERVANT. The same.

DIANA (*clutches SERVANT's arm*). Tell me, tell me, who are you?

SERVANT. Don't you remember Hawkins?

DIANA. Good heavens, not Hawkins, my father's most trusted friend?

SERVANT. The same. I suppose I have changed a great deal since you saw me last, but nevertheless I am he. (*ALL look on in wonderment*)

DIANA. But tell me, where is dad? How is he?

SERVANT. Your dad is——

DIANA. Yes, yes.

SERVANT. Oh, he is all right *now*. (*Averted face*)

DIANA. My—dad—is—— Oh, oh! Tell me it is not true! (*Cries*) And he thought me guilty! (*Falls in chair, buries face in hands*)

SERVANT (*pats DIANA's head*). There, there, child—but he did not die thinking you guilty. Long ago we found out you were innocent and for years have been trying to trace you. At your father's death bed I promised him that while there was a spark of life left in me I would hunt for you and tell you he died begging your forgiveness for thinking so harshly of you.

DIANA. Oh, then he *did* know I was innocent! (*Outstretched arms*) Oh, dad, if you were only here!

SERVANT. To make a long story short, I traced you here. I would have made myself known to you at once, but as a special favor, to Dick I waited. He knew of Tom's trick. In order to double-cross him he played his part—you know, sort of let on to you that the much-sought-after document was still here.

DIANA. But wasn't it?

SERVANT (*laughs*). Indeed not. While you two were seeking the document Dick was busy putting it through.

DIANA (*looks around at bewildered group*). Oh, what you must think of me! I am a thief in all your eyes.

DICK. Indeed, you are not. We are well posted on the way this (*Meaning Tom*) scoundrel took advantage of you.

SERVANT. Yes, I made it my business to overhear all that passed between you two.

DIANA (*to MRS. LANGSTER*). Then you *do* believe all that I have told you, don't you?

MRS. LANGSTER (*takes DIANA in arms*). Indeed I do, you poor child! How you must have suffered!

SERVANT. And in conclusion I wish to inform you that Oakland Manor is still without a mistress. Your dad left everything to you.

DIANA (*softly*). Poor old dad. What a curse too much pride is. We were both too proud to give in.

SERVANT (*to MR. LANGSTER*). Well, sir, what do you intend doing to this? (*Points to TOM*)

MR. LANGSTER. I will leave that entirely up to Dick.

DICK. Well, I would suggest that you let him go. I have gained my point, so I should worry about him.

MR. LANGSTER (*to TOM*). Sir, see that door? (*Points to D.R.*) It leads to the street—so go.

TOM (*walks to D.R., head bent down, pauses at door, turns*). I—am a ruined man—but just to show you that there still is left in me a spark of manhood, I want to tell you that she (*Points to DIANA*) is entirely innocent of the Bet's robbery. Good-night. [EXIT D.R.]

ENTER CATHERINE D.L., *stands with hands on hips, looks around.*

CATHERINE. Hello! Why the crowd?

DIANA. Oh, Catherine, at last I am free!

CATHERINE. Nothing to be startled about. I knew you would be sooner or later.

DIANA. And they all know that I am innocent.

CATHERINE (*turns quickly*). Indeed! I would like to see them think otherwise. (*Tugs at pocket*) By the way, does this belong to anyone? (*Holds up necklace*)

MATILDA (*feels neck, starts forward*). Why, where did you get it? (*Takes necklace*)

CATHERINE (*holds up stick-pin*). And this?

FRED (*feels tie*). Why—eh—eh—that is—

CATHERINE. Mr. Harrison, look in your wallet and see if there is anything missing.

MR. HARRISON (*quickly searches wallet*). Ye gods! My money is—

CATHERINE. There, there, don't get excited. Here it is. (*Hands over money. MR. HARRISON eagerly counts it. To DIANA*) So you see, Diana, when I gave you that promise, I meant it. I only wanted to prove how easily it could be done. (*Walks to door*) So long, folks. Me for the straight and narrow path after this.

DIANA (*grabs CATHERINE'S arm*). But where are you going? You are not leaving me?

CATHERINE. What would you want with me? *You*, the rich mistress of Oakland Manor.

DIANA. Do you think that will make any difference between us? Why, child, you proved the greatest pal a person in my position could have had. *You* believed in me all the time.

CATHERINE. Oh, quit—

DIANA. The Manor is large and I will be lonesome, so I want you to come as my sister.

CATHERINE. What! Do you mean it? *Me, your sister?*

DIANA. Will you?

CATHERINE. Well—I—should say I will! (*They embrace*)

DIANA. Come along, Catherine. I want to pack.

[EXIT D.L., *talking*.

MR. LANGSTER. Well, folks, I think we had better get to bed. This sure has been an exciting night.

[ALL EXIT D.L. and D.R., *excepting JOSEPHINE and DICK*

DICK (*holding out ring*). Josephine, (*Goes to JOSEPHINE*) shall I put this on again, this time never to come off? (*JOSEPHINE holds out finger for ring*) And now you understand why I asked you to please wait and see. The money I received through that deal is going to buy our home.

JOSEPHINE. Dick!

DICK. Josephine! (*They embrace*)

CURTAIN

FARCES

A RUNAWAY COUPLE

Farce in Two Acts. Four Males, Four Females

BY W. A. TREMAYNE

One interior scene. A married man of nervous temperament, having assumed temporary charge of an eloping young lady while the husband-to-be is absent procuring the marriage license, is himself accused of having run away with her. Circumstantial evidence is very strongly against him, but the timely arrival of the absent lover relieves the situation and leads to an unusually effective climax. Plays two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE DELEGATES FROM DENVER

Farce in Two Acts. Three Males, Ten Females

BY SAMUEL N. CLARK

Two interior scenes. Margaret is a candidate for president of the Eta Pi Sorority which meets at Boston. John has proposed to her, but she defers her answer as she purposes, if elected, to devote her whole time to the Sorority. Two delegates from Denver decline to attend; John and Edward plan to represent them and vote against Margaret, and also to prevent her from going to Boston. Their plan partially succeeds, but it ends in discovery, explanations, and Margaret's engagement to John, including some other pleasant denouements. The action is absurdly farcical and very much alive from start to finish. Plays forty-five minutes.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A ROGUE'S LUCK

Farce in Three Acts. Five Males, Three Females

BY LEVIN C. TEES

One interior, one exterior scene. Harry Haversham, a rascally fugitive from justice, is stopping at a mountain summer resort under the name of Felix Hopper. By colossal nerve and ready wit he gains the confidence of everybody, using another Harry Haversham as his foil, and plans a series of rapidly occurring perplexities and astounding "situations" which contribute at last to his identification and finish as a rogue of the first water. Plays two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

JOHN BRAG

Farce in Four Acts. Eight Males, Five Females

BY GORDON V. MAX

One interior, one exterior scene. Brag, a rather sporty old fellow, to save himself from financial ruin pretends to be dead, and this leads to all kinds of comic complications. The characters are all good and there is nothing slow in the piece. A certain success. Plays two and a half hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

MR. SMALLWORTH'S MISTAKE; or, NOAH'S ARK, Jr.

Farce in One Act. Four Males, Three Females

BY SAMUEL EMERY

One interior scene, modern costumes. A genuinely funny piece, which satirizes the maudlin love for animals that is displayed by some owners of pets. A profane parrot and a young curate just out of the seminary, sustain a series of complications that culminate in a half-hitched wedding. No love-making. Plays forty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

FARCES

A DOCTOR BY COURTESY; OR, A JOLLY MIX UP

Farce in Three Acts. Six Males, Five Females

By ULLIE AKERSTROM

Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Sly's father-in-law adopts methods to force Sly into practice, with disaster to Sly throughout. Sly's wife is led by Florette to test Sly's fidelity by calling him in professionally. Sly allows Freddie to personate him, leading to complications in which every one gets mixed up. Flirtations of Sly before marriage also add to his perplexities, all of which are finally unravelled. The "situations" which follow each other in rapid succession make this farce irresistibly comic. Plays two hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

A PUZZLED DETECTIVE

Farce in Three Acts. Five Males, Three Females

By L. E. W. SNOW

Three interior scenes. A letter inclosing money, abstracted by a darkey who cannot read, causes Ned Walton, the detective, to get his client's affairs all muddled up, resulting in absurd situations, especially when the darkey is supposed to be Walton in disguise. A needy doctor finds his daughter, a brother discovers his sister, and two girl chums become sisters-in-law to their great satisfaction, and the muddle is cleared up. Plays one hour.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL

Farce in One Act. Five Males, Five Females

By WM. and JOSEPHINE GILES

One interior scene. A realistic picture of a district school in a small Western village. The rough and ready teacher and his tricky scholars keep the audience in a roar. The teacher is finally squelched by the irate mother of one of his pupils. The piece is cleverly worked out and full of funny incidents. Plays thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

MRS. FORRESTER'S CRUSADE

Farce in One Act. One Male, Two Females

By C. LEONA DALRYMPLE

One interior scene. Helen has written to Professor Butler, inviting him to call to obtain her parents' consent to their engagement. Mrs. Forrester, her mother, also writes inviting him, and requests his co-operation in her endeavor to cure Helen of her habit of using slang expressions. This letter was mislaid and not sent. He calls, and during the interview Mrs. Forrester crowds into her conversation all the atrocities of slang possible, to Helen's consternation and Butler's disgust. Finally, the missing letter accidentally turns up. Mrs. Forrester's attempts at slang are screamingly funny. Plays thirty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

A LEGAL PUZZLE

Farce Comedy in Three Acts. Seven Males, Five Females

By W. A. TREMAYNE

Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. This play can be highly recommended, the scenes are easy, the dialogue brisk and snappy, and the action rapid. The parts are all good, being evenly divided, the principals appearing in each act. Plays two and a half hours.

PRICE 25 CENTS

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PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

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WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
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LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

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BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents.).....	11	8

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COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	8
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	5	8
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	8
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	6	8
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
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WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

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